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MOTHER EARTH

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Correspondence

EMMA GOLDMAN Publisher and Editor

Office: 226 Lafayette St., New York City

Telephone Spring 8711

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To Mother Earth Friends & Subscribers:

Friends, we are still on deck. MOTHER EARTH will continue to come out every month. It is important that it *should be published.* For the last twelve years we have had the second class mailing privileges. We expect to be able to keep it up although the June number has been held up. However, it is not illegal to have your name on our subscription list. We can assure you of that, lest you fear to get into any trouble because of your connections with the magazine.

If ever MOTHER EARTH needed your assistance, it is now. Please renew your subscription at once and if you can, contribute to our sustaining fund. Our new offices are at 226 Lafayette Street, corner Spring Street, room 204, New York City. We shall be glad to see our friends at our new quarters.

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MOTHER EARTH

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Published Every 15th of the Month

Emma Goldman, Publisher and Editor
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Vol. XII **AUGUST, 1917** **No. 6**

PEACE WITH VICTORY!

By Gertrude Boyle

WE SIT with folded hands—we women who might undo this all, stop this hideous slaughter of human kind, this sinful, wasteful plucking of the fruit of tired wombs!
We are dumb—we who should speak the word, cry out to the sulphurous horizons; shout through the shell-swept firmament; proclaim to the blood-glazed stars!

Too long we have bowed our thorn-crowned heads to the master yoke!
Too long lent our ear to irrational pleas of patriotism —the echo of the savage cry of tribe, the brute snarl of jungle!
Too long beheld the blood-thirst, flesh-mote in the eye of man!

Lo, we must arise and marshal our fiercest female strength for the fray!
Enter in all our embryo-motherhood the War 'gainst War, the bloodless war!
March in fearless battle-array 'neath a zeppelin, 'fore cannon; armed in the argent raiment of truce, bearing the palm-blades of Peace!

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

WHILE the official and would-be official spokesmen of this nation prate about saving freedom and democracy throughout the world by means of military power and war, freedom becomes a spiteful by-word in this country. These spokesmen know exactly what kind of government the Germans and other people need. They need, it appears, the realization of the lofty dreams of a Roosevelt and a Root. They are, indeed, beautiful, these dreams born of the fierce desire to suppress by force any and all opposition to militarism, and to hang all opponents on shortest notice.

This form of government is distinguished by its simplicity and a sort of brutal frankness, doing practically away with all cheap democratic disguises to which "law and order" have to resort to justify their despotic course.

Go to it, gentlemen! But will you, after all, be brave enough to cheerfully stand the consequences? The people, betrayed for decades by sham liberties and hollow constitutional phrases, may finally make the discovery that the essence of governmental authority is the lynch law—practiced more or less directly by the ruling classes. And then. . . .?

* * *

IT WAS to be expected that not a single one of those six Vigilantes who murdered Frank Little, organizer of the I. W. W. in Butte, Mont., would be apprehended by the law. When the brutal extermination of Anarchists, I. W. W. members, and other antagonists of plutocratic rule, is openly proposed in Congress as a "national necessity," why should the coroner and police in Butte exert themselves to find the cowardly murderers who dragged a sick man from his bed at night to lynch him. Didn't they do it in the name of exploitation and patriotism, the most sacred things in the country?

The murder of Frank Little, the courageous agitator who called things by their right name and therefore was hated by the enemies of truth, will never be punished by the courts, but it will be avenged by the vigorous determination of all true friends of justice not to desert the banner of the social revolution until the rotten conditions have ceased to exist which make such foul deeds as committed in Butte possible.

PRIOR to the war, allusions to despotism were immediately illustrated by some tyrannical act attributed to Russia. One of the favorite references, used with horror by everyone, was to the much hated Black Hundreds of that country. With considerable pride they pointed to the fact that such an organization could only thrive in an autocracy where its existence was conditioned on the support given by the reigning house, but that in a Democracy it could under no circumstances be tolerated. They argued that no issue of Governmental tyranny existed here, consequently none of the sinister devices—such as the Black Hundreds—were required. We were safe-guarded by a constitution which granted ample privilege to write, discuss and convene without interference. The constitution was the guiding influence; the character of the people, their traditions of liberty and their need for it, would counteract any such condition which might arise in America. These were incontrovertible facts, they stated.

But many facts of ante-war times must hereafter be classified as myths, many opinions as without foundation in truth. The Black Hundreds are now only an institution of historical interest in Russia. We recall rather vaguely how the imperialistic and aristocratic classes hired their thugs to instigate pogroms and massacres and how easily these barbarities received official sanction.

In America the organization has undergone a change of name and purpose; its deeds remain the same. Instead of hiring professional ruffians to do their despicable work, the members of the Vigilantes themselves, all honorable and reputable men, liberals, artists, writers, vie with each other in their efforts to suppress Freedom of Speech by violence. Unlike the Black Hundreds which never tampered with the free expression of opinion, the American vigilantes, before and since the war, have been conspicuous for their efforts in suppression, deportations, lynchings and innumerable other crimes. San Diego, where they beat up and jailed 500 people and tarred Ben Reitman, in Bisbee where they deported the members of the I. W. W., in Butte where they lynched Frank Little, and now in New York where they are organized to break up meetings, their activities have won them the commen-

dation of the press, the encouragement of the recently returned Root mission and the approval of men like Roosevelt.

Heretofore the Vigilantes could only boast of provincial success. No one would believe that such an organization could carry on its practice in a metropolis. With the breaking up of meetings in New York their work has begun, and with a few more congratulations to urge them on they will not be satisfied until they can have a lynching party on Times Square.

The tradition of the Black Hundreds is not dead; it has only transplanted its vicious outgrowth to a more fertile field. Here it will prosper. Democratic soil nourishes all kinds of fungoids.

* * *

THE Pope, next to God, lays claim to a greater numerical internationalism than the leader of any creed in the universe. His fatherhood includes 171,000,000 belligerent people among the Teutonic and Allied powers. It is natural, therefore, that on account of the three year indifference to the world carnage on the part of the almighty diety, he should say an apologetic word for peace. As the emissary of the prince of peace, the Pope appears in a new guise. Heretofore, since the year 203, Rome has adhered to a policy of blood and iron as frightful and ruthless as any undertaken by a modern State. She arises now over the battle in the role of supreme negotiator.

From the reception accorded Pope Benedict's proposals by the contending nations, it is not difficult to foretell that they will have no more effect than his prayers during the war. Like them they appeal to equally impotent figureheads. To expect a "lasting and honorable peace" from the kings, presidents, or statesmen of the warring nations, to rely upon them for a solving spirit of internationalism is declaring in fact the absurd pretense of the whole suggestion. No permanent peace can be assured until the actual participants, the unfortunate, fighting, international proletariat find within themselves the will to end the most wanton war ever waged by men.

THE historian of the future, when he studies the events of these times, will be appalled by the spread of a gigantic universal stupidity which appears as one of the most depressing accompaniments of the war. This monster stupidity evidently renders people incapable of understanding the most simple and tangible facts.

For instance, since months and months the Russian revolutionary socialists, Lenin, and later Leon Trotzky and Madame Kolontay, have been spoken of in the papers as German agents, while in truth they represent internationalism and real revolutionary socialism in opposition to the "strong government socialists" à la Kerensky, who plays the same role as Briand in France or Scheidermann in Germany. They are of course not opposed to the war because they are influenced or paid by the German government, but because they don't want to saddle Russia and the Revolution with an absolute dictatorship which means counter revolution and hostility to the social revolutionary demands of the people.

To denounce Lenin and his comrades as tools of Potsdam is just as stupid and just as hypocritical as the denunciation which tries to make ignorant people believe that MOTHER EARTH or the organization of the I. W. W. are backed by German money.

It was to be expected that the arch-reactionist Elihu Root would on his return from Russia do nothing to dispel such a miserable lie. Neither can we expect such a thing from his co-traveler, Charles Edward Russell, who —as it has turned out now—has been a prominent socialist writer for years and a socialist candidate for governor without ever grasping even so much as the A B C of socialism.

* * *

THE direct action of the militant suffragists is sure to bring results more quickly for their cause, as it ever does. Their bravery and devotion to their ideal invests it with a dignity no amount of ladylike lobbying, political wire-pulling or indirect method could accomplish. If the Susan B. Anthony amendment becomes a law, it will be thanks to the fearless stand these women have taken. If they only succeed in bringing home to the people of this country how arbitrary and undemocratic the govern-

ment under which we live really is, they may perform a greater service than the doubtful one of granting the franchise to women.

The first contingent of women who were sent to jail were pardoned by the President unconditionally, though they were not consulted. It appears, however, that among them were women whose husbands were influential in politics. The militants continue with their work, mobs continue to molest and assault them without intereference from the police, and a few days ago six more valiant women were arrested, sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars, or serve thirty days. They chose the thirty days. Their silence in the County Jail pleads their cause more eloquently than anything they could do or say.

* * *

IN THE stress and struggle of our anti-conscription fight and the efforts to save Alexander Berkman from the San Francisco Frame-up, one very important issue has been forgotten. It is the appeal of Ben Reitman from the Cleveland sentence of six months jail, and $1,000 fine.

The stupidity of law is best illustrated in the fact that all those who dared speak in favor of simple birth control methods were jailed and fined; yet the most violent birth control method—War, is being hailed and sanctioned by that very law. How small our birth control activities seem now compared with the universal mower of life.

However, six months jail and a $1,000 fine are by no means a small matter, so we do not want our friends to forget that Ben Reitman is also facing imprisonment and $1,000 fine. His appeal is to be heard in October. Publicity should be given it until then. All those interested in his case will please communicate with Dr. Ben L. Reitman, Room 204, 226 Lafayette Street, New York.

Friend, is your subscription due? Please pay it at once. If ever we needed your help, it is now. Send $1.50 and we will renew your subscription and send you a beautiful leather bound copy of the "Trial and Speeches of Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman."

THE INDICTMENT OF ALEXANDER BERKMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO

THE big business interests of San Francisco are thirsting for the blood of Alexander Berkman. They have indicted him for murder in connection with the Mooney cases now on trial. District Attorney Fickert and his hirelings are not appeased with having framed up Billings and Tom Mooney. They hunger for more victims. As a San Francisco editor wrote: "The indictment of Berkman was done by Fickert to influence the jury in the Rena Mooney case. Just a desperate grand-stand play of a desperate man."

It is needless to say that Alexander Berkman is absolutely innocent of the San Francisco charges. District Attorney Fickert knows that; else why did he wait a whole year before calling for an indictment? Alexander Berkman was in San Francisco from January to November, 1916. The District Attorney raided his office twice. He had Berkman and his associate editor, Miss Fitzgerald, dragged before him twice. He grilled them to exhaustion in an attempt to connect them with the preparedness parade bomb explosion. Had there been even a shadow of evidence against Berkman, the District Attorney would not have allowed him to go about free for five months and wait another seven months to strike the blow. There must be another reason or reasons for the indictment.

The first is that the Chamber of Commerce and its hireling Fickert feel that their edifice of deception, fraud and perjury is crumbling to pieces and that the frame-up is now recognized as such all over America. Therefore something has to be done to bolster up the crime engaged in by the business interests of San Francisco. They no doubt realize that if they can "get" Berkman and railroad him to the gallows on a trumped-up charge, it will then be so much easier to "get" other fighters for liberty and labor.

Secondly, Mr. Fickert cannot forgive Alexander Berkman that he helped to expose the frame-up against Mooney, Billings, Nolan, Weinberg and Mrs. Mooney; that he was the first to raise his voice in behalf of the five victims, and that he went up and down the country arousing interest, rallying labor forces and raising money

for the Mooney defense. The San Francisco prosecution and its motives are well characterized in an able editorial in the New York Jewish *Forward* of August 14th:

"The powers of darkness which have cast the accusation of murder upon the innocent labor leaders of San Francisco are now also trying to entagle Alexander Berkman in their net, in the hope that the new victim will add strength to their black forces. The discovery of the false evidence manufactured by this band of labor persecutors, and the acquittal of Mrs. Rena Mooney, have almost smashed their murderous conspiracy. Therefore they have drawn Alexander Berkman into their meshes, in the hope that the bad name which he has among the "respectable" people, and especially in the "respectable" newspapers, will help much in fastening the murder accusation upon the innocent victims.

"Alexander Berkman is now in the Tombs Prison in New York, and the bosses of San Francisco—who have collected a million dollar fund to 'help the Government' to crush the labor leaders—are trying hard to get Berkman out of the State of New York to San Francisco, where they are preparing the gallows for him. Alexander Berkman has drawn the wrath of the San Francisco labor haters upon his head because it was he who started the country-wide movement against the San Francisco conspiracy. Now they want to 'get even' with him. There is no doubt that the energetic work of Alexander Berkman has helped much, very much, to acquit Mrs. Mooney and to unmask the heinous frame-up.

"It is the duty of the workers throughout the country to protect Alexander Berkman against the San Francisco conspiracy. We must exert every effort to prevent his extradition from New York. We must not permit him to fall into the hands of the blood-thirsty labor crushers in San Francisco."

Indeed, to permit the extradition of Alexander Berkman to California means sure death. Realizing this, the United Hebrew Trades of New York, the Joint Board of the Cloak Makers, the Joint Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and numerous other organizations have started a campaign to save Alexander Berkman from the clutches of District Attorney Fickert. The response

has been wonderful, both morally and financially. Already several thousand dollars have been contributed, and hundreds of resolutions condemning the indictment and protesting against the extradition of Alexander Berkman have been passed. Among them, a powerful resolution adopted this month by the New Jersey State Federation of Labor at its thirty-ninth Annual Convention, at Paterson, N. J. Yet more, much more will have to be done to save Alexander Berkman.

Protest meetings should immediately be arranged in every city of this great land. Union organizations and educational societies should be induced to join the labor forces already working to rescue Alexander Berkman. They can do so by generous contributions to the fight and by passing strong resolutions. One set should be sent at once to Governor Stephens, Sacramento, California; another set to be addressed to Governor Whitman, Albany, New York. A Labor Delegation will soon call upon the Governor to prevail upon him not to become a party to the San Francisco frame-up by adding a sixth victim to those who have already suffered at the hands of the Chamber of Commerce.

It is a most critical moment. Now is the time, once for all, to put a stop to the cold-blooded frame-up in San Francisco. Once they get our Comrade to the Coast, the legal murder will be assured. Help us save Alexander Berkman. You will at the same time save the other four men and one woman from the noose prepared for them by District Attorney Fickert.

Send funds for the defense at once to Anna M. Sloan, Sec.-Treas., the New York Publicity Committee of the Alexander Berkman San Francisco Labor Defense, Room 204, 226 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y.

EMMA GOLDMAN

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THE WAR HYSTERIA AND OUR PROTEST

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT

IF IT had not actually happened it would be unbelievable—the complete reversal of American ideals during recent months. Black has become white, and white is now black. "Liberty," as Bernard Shaw puts it, "is a crime, and homicide is a virtue."

Under the stress of war hysteria, practically every principle which Americans have pretended to believe in has gone by the board.

The sanctity of the individual life has been regarded as the very foundation of every liberty that Americans possess. But in war time, it seems, the individual life is of no account. This is true not only in a military, but in a civil, sense. Lynching has become justifiable and even praiseworthy. On July 31, Frank Little, a member of the National Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World, was taken from his room in a Butte, Montana, hotel, by six masked men, and hanged to a railroad trestle near the city. Little was a cripple. His offense was his activity as a labor organizer. A more fiendish murder was never committed. Yet the press of the country applauded the crime, and no efforts have been made to arrest the murderers.

Freedom of speech is supposed to be one of the cornerstones of the American Government. The National Constitution specifically forbids Congress to pass any law abridging freedom of speech. Yet Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and have been fined $10,000 for merely protesting against conscription.

Freedom of assemblage and the right to peacefully petition the Government for the redress of grievances have been accepted as inalienable rights of Americans. Yet on July 1, a peace parade in Boston was deliberately broken up by sailors and soldiers. They tore banners from the hands of women. They beat and injured men and women. They forcibly entered the Socialist Party headquarters, destroyed property and burned many valuable papers and much literature. The police did nothing throughout this performance to protect the citizens' rights.

Freedom of press has been one of the most venerated of American traditions. Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln both declared that it was better to permit even an abuse of free press rather than its suppression. Yet within the space of a few weeks, fifteen Socialist and a number of Anarchist and labor papers have been declared unmailable by the Government.

The right of workmen to agitate for better conditions and to strike has always been recognized as reasonable until the advent of war hysteria. Now it is regarded as criminal. Since Samuel Gompers has delivered the labor movement—or tried to deliver it—into the hands of the capitalists, the rebellious worker is in about the same position as the rebellious slave before the Civil War. On August 19, James Rowan, leader of a lumber workers' strike in Spokane, Washington, and twenty-six others were arrested without even the pretense that they had violated any law, and were imprisoned. A few weeks previously, 1,500 striking workmen had been shipped in cattle cars from Bisbee, Arizona, into the desert, where they were left without food and water.

The list of the violations of fundamental American

liberties might be prolonged indefinitely. We mention only a few:

In Philadelphia thirteen persons were recently arrested and charged with treason for distributing a leaflet entitled "Long Live the Constitution of the United States."

In Indianapolis an ordinance has been passed making it a misdemeanor "to speak disrespectfully of the President or the Government of the United States."

In Oakland, California, a radical club-room was invaded by bullies in uniform, and its contents smashed and dumped into the street.

In San Francisco, the acquittal of Rena Mooney, after she had been submitted for weeks to the vilification of the prosecuting attorney, has served to emphasize a local situation that has been inflamed almost to the point of civil war by military hysteria. And these are only the first-fruits of militarism!

War inevitably means a reversion to the physical plane, and this alone is enough to damn it. Man has struggled painfully up from the muck and the soil—a little spirit gleams in his eyes—and then war comes along, like a Caliban, and thrusts him back into the mire!

War inevitably means the steam-roller. It means crushing out every spark of initiative, of independence of mind. The quintessence of war-psychology has seldom been more aptly conveyed than in the little poem of Ernest Crosby, which carries as its refrain the words: "I do not think, I obey!" We find already in much of the war-literature of the day a deliberate glorification of militarism on the ground that it suppresses individuality and self-expression, and that it enthrones coercive organization, the spirit which makes the organization everything and the unit nothing. Regimentation, uniformity, absolute obedience to authority are the acknowledged military standards.

Some Socialists in this country have been so false to their own revolutionary claims as to go running to Washington to inform the authorities of "treasonable" activities of their own comrades. But, as Morris Hillquit told Allan Benson, there are some things worse

than treason; and one of the things that are worse is betrayal of an ideal.

There is a sense, it is true, in which the management of war may be described as the very apotheosis of State Socialism, but in this fact lies the condemnation of Socialism. War management is the *reductio ad absurdum* of Socialism. It shows how far the State-obsessed mind is willing to go. Just because the principle of State Socialism carries within itself the possibilities of such outrages upon liberty as conscription, just because it involves the power to crush out ruthlessly the individual life, it is bound to challenge the undying opposition of every true libertarian.

Modern wars mean the massacre of youths. Old men make national quarrels, and young men are taken, against their wills, to fight these quarrels. The principle involved is hideous, inhuman and unjustifiable. The State has no more right to compel men to *act* only in one way than the Roman Catholic Church, in the Middle Ages, had the right to compel men to *think* only in one way.

Elihu Root and Charles Edward Russell have attempted to use even the Russian Revolution as a club with which to beat American anti-militarists and revolutionaries. How little do they grasp the inner spirit of that mighty revolt *against* militarism and autocracy, that mighty idealistic gesture! The spirit of Russia is the one inspiring and vitalizing spirit in a world reeking with corruption. It is almost a miracle that this great people should have succeeded in throwing off the yoke not only of Government but also of military rule, and are insisting upon the right to rule their own destinies in their own way. The taunt of pro-Germanism is futile. Only the shallowest of minds could attribute the longing for peace, in Russia as in every country involved, to German propaganda.

There is opportunity, at the present juncture, for two kinds of protest against militarism. We need the individual protest, and we need the social and collective protest. All honor to those who, whether in prominence or in obscurity, are warring against war! The spirit of the man who knows his own mind and who stands by the integrity of his own personality is

stronger than the spirit of governments, and in the end will vanquish them. The men who as "conscientious objectors" in this country and in England are going to prison as a protest against militarism are already vindicated in the minds of multitudes of all nationalities. The same may be said of working-class rebels of the type of the I. W. W. They are weak to-day, but one day they shall be strong. Already they are phophetic of a working-class movement that shall create its own standards of living and of thought, that shall go to war if it *chooses* to go, and not otherwise.

Let us never forget that what we are working for is:

(1) Individual Liberty,
(2) Anti-militarism,
(3) Internationalism,
(4) Working-class Solidarity.

It is conceivable that voluntary enlistment on the pro-Ally side in the present war might help to promote some of these ends. But coerced enlistment promotes mainly the spirit of coercion and government. It is a violation of fundamental rights. It cannot be tolerated for an instant by a true libertarian.

The ruling idea of the patriot to-day is that war can only be ended by piling armament upon armament until Germany is "smashed." But there is a far better way to end war. If the workers would withhold their economic support, war would cease. If one-hundredth part of the time and energy, of the money, now being spent in the militarization of America had been spent in revolutionary and anti-militarist propaganda among the workingmen and soldiers of all countries, among the youth of all nations, this war might have been stifled in the first week of its existence, and an era of freedom inaugurated.

Do you really want to help us with the Appeal to the Supreme Court? Then order copies of "Trial and Speeches of Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman," 40c prepaid; 3 copies for a dollar.

BETWEEN JAILS

By EMMA GOLDMAN

SINCE the great world upheaval has torn the very vitals of Europe and is now pulling at the very soul of America, the usual approximate security of life for the individual, as well as for the mass, has been destroyed. Like a panorama, events follow one another in rapid succession. One can no longer hold to one's values, or dare to hope that the next day will bring aught but a new cataclysm which will uproot life.

Alexander Berkman was released from one of America's worst bastiles, the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, on May 18th, 1906. He had spent 14 years of his youth and manhood because he dared strike at the foe of labor. He immediately resumed his work in the revolutionary movement where he had left off in 1892. With greater knowledge and deeper understanding, he has worked incessantly ever since in behalf of every important issue, always undaunted and uncompromising. It was inevitable that Alexander Berkman should often collide with the powers that be. Yet, while he was arrested on several occasions, and though during his unemployed and anti-military activities he barely escaped the trap laid for him, the life and work of our friend moved comparatively without much violent interruption from the law.

As to myself, in all my public career of twenty-seven years I have confronted only one serious trouble—my imprisonment in Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, in 1893. Allegedly I was guilty of inciting to riot, but in reality my offense consisted of quoting Cardinal Manning to the effect that "the hungry man has a right to take bread." On all the other occasions my arrests—and they were numerous—ended in dismissal, except the fifteen days for Birth Control activities in 1916. My life, too, moved smoothly as far as the Government is concerned. Certainly I never had occasion to call upon the law for protection, and when the law needed protection from me, it went no further than an arrest or a little vacation in Queens County Jail

It was left to the United States Government to use a sledge hammer to strike with one fell blow. It was not content with giving us the maximum sentence of two

years, $10,000 fine and deportation at the end,—it also attempted to crush all that we have painfully built up through years of effort and struggle. When the job of the United States Government was completed, MOTHER EARTH and THE BLAST found themselves robbed of their offices, most of our books and papers confiscated, $700.00 in bank accounts appropriated, and the publishers, Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, securely tucked away in living graves. The job was complete, and the United States safe to go ahead undisturbed in its mission to give democracy to the world.

Since then the scene has again shifted. Thanks to the ingenuity and the strenuousness of our devoted friend, Harry Weinberger, and the spirit of fair play of Supreme Court Justice Brandeis, our stay in the Atlanta and Jefferson prisons was cut short. I have again been thrown upon the sea of life. Our Comrades Berkman, Kramer and Becker, while still in the Tombs prison, will soon be with us again. MOTHER EARTH has picked up the broken threads left behind by the American invaders on June 15th; the work goes on with greater zeal than ever,—a feat which is nothing short of a miracle.

No ordinary business concern, no matter how great its facilities, could so speedily have recuperated from the blow struck at MOTHER EARTH by the United States Government. But MOTHER EARTH is not a business concern: it is a voice,—it calls for something which no government can silence. It articulates the thoughts and the emotions of people who have remained firm in their opposition to the hypocritical boast that this war, unlike other wars, is imbued with a high purpose and a noble aim. These people have come forward from East and West, from North and South, with words of cheer and tokens of love. They have demonstrated how truly futile and foolish it is for governments to strike at an ideal or to gag a truth.

Of course, we may yet have to serve our sentences. Appeals in labor cases and in cases of free speech and press, have almost never resulted in a reversal of the decision of the lower courts. Meanwhile, however, our appeal will make history, since its purpose is not only to decide the fate of four human beings, but the fate of millions. After all, the question involved in our appeal

is whether the American Constitution is a mere scrap of paper, a shadow of the past, or if it still has a spark of vitality to save the people from compulsory military servitude. If in the end we shall have to take up our residence in Atlanta and Jefferson, it will only add fuel to the fires which our arrest, conviction and sentence have kindled.

* * *

Jefferson has no terror for me, especially now that I am somewhat acquainted with its regime. The attacks directed against the horrors of American prisons have not been in vain. A few changes have taken place everywhere, and Jefferson Prison has not escaped them. But there are still many evils which need to be remedied.

First of all, there is the reception accorded the new comer. Instead of encouragement and sympathy, to which the worst criminal should be entitled, he is met with the kindly query, "Got a disease?" He is then warned that the prison has severe punishment, and that he had better make up his mind to obey the rules without a murmur.

I was curious to know whether any other method had ever been tried,—that of kindliness, for instance. But I met with a blank look. The idea of kindliness to convicts! "Why do they want to get into trouble! If they must do wrong, they have only themselves to blame." Naturally, people who have exercised discipline for years become hardened; their brains and hearts become solidified and do not permit of a new thought or emotion. How can they understand the black despair and bitter hatred of the offender against the world which first drives him to crime, and then sends him to a living grave.

Prison authorities have it in their power to relieve, to some extent, the bitter agony and resentment accumulated in the soul of the prisoner by the long wait for the trial, the cruel atmosphere of the court-room, the final shock of conviction and sentence. They could, if they would, help the convict over the awful years confronting him or her. They might send him back regenerated to society; but somehow it is not given to them to reach the soul of those whom misfortune and social indifference have placed in their hands.

After a weary trip of forty hours, cooped up in a compartment with a deputy marshal and his wife, I was

locked in a cell and left to myself for several hours, the thought never occurring to those who received me whether I had need of food or drink. It almost seemed as though I had been forgotten; but finally the matron arrived and I was made to go through the ordinary procedure of all the other victims who must leave their identity behind and become mere automatons when prison doors close upon them.

Then the silly discipline of absolute silence, long abolished in many penal institutions. Twenty-four years ago, when I was sent to Blackwell's Island, I was struck by this utterly foolish, unnecessarily cruel method of compelling human beings to move about like shadows in grave-like silence. Even the exchange of thoughts in a whisper was severely punished. The fact that this regime still exists shows how slowly progress moves. Thus from six o'clock in the morning until four thirty in the afternoon, but for the loud noise of the machines in the shops and the hard voices of keepers, the prisoners pass in silence. Only during the hour of recreation are the pent-up feelings and thoughts permitted to break loose.

Friedrich Nietzsche was right when he spoke of life as the eternal recurrence. Life indeed is nothing else. Thirty-two years ago, when I came to America with exultation in my heart about liberty and opportunity, I was given a taste of both in a large clothing factory, making coats ten hours a day at $2.50 per week. In Jefferson Prison, the very morning after a suffocating journey, I tasted the blessings of democracy making coats, with this difference: my lucrative wage of thirty-two years ago was reduced to three meals a day and a cell. Progress moves imperceptibly indeed.

On the whole, however, there are many improvements in Jefferson Prison. I do not wish our friends to understand that I have any personal complaint of the treatment accorded me. I quote from a letter I had written to the Warden in the institution, and which, by the way, he did not see fit to answer:

> "I understand that contract labor has been abolished in Missouri. Why, then, the necessity of imposing the task system upon prisoners? To compel women to make eighteen dozen suspenders or fifty coats a day, only tends to undermine their health.

I have watched them at work and I can assure you they run along half-way smoothly in the morning, but by the afternoon they are so exhausted that they simply can not complete their task. To punish them for such a thing by keeping them on bread and water seems barbarous. Besides, it is futile, since the punishment leaves their physical condition below par and disables them from doing their task the following day.

"It seems to me that if the women were made to feel an interest in the work, they would turn out the required quantity and be in better spirits than they are now. No one drove me, and yet I did my work and even enjoyed it, knowing as I did that no parasite would wear the coats I was making. After all, it can not be the purpose of prisons to so unfit the inmates as to make them hardened and brutalized and return them to the world with deeper resentment and hatred for society. In other words, the old system of punishment has been proven a complete failure. More and more, the best minds are realizing that a humane method accomplishes greater results.

"I have no personal complaints to make. In fact, I think that many things you have in Jefferson Prison are an improvement over other prisons. For instance, the buying of food once a week, ice water and the recreation. But there are many things which need to be remedied, and which I desire to place before you for consideration."

As I said before, Jefferson has no terrors for me. In fact, in our war-drunk age, with the patriotic frothing of the press, the brutality of the vigilantes and the general confusion of our life, Jefferson may yet prove a preferable retreat. From what our friend, Alexander Berkman, relates of Atlanta, it does not seem quite so alluring, but I know that Berkman would not exchange his place in the Federal Prison for that of the high seat now held by Charles Edward Russell, Mr. Spargo, Mr. Gompers and the other erstwhile revolutionists in the Labor Alliance. In Jefferson and Atlanta one can still retain one's integrity. One can not do so by joining the forces which crush labor's rights and annihilate freedom.

Our friends must not think we are eager for Atlanta and Jefferson. We are simply not deceived in the pos-

sible outcome of the appeal. But we want to fight until death and fight hard. We know we can count on our friends. What better inspiration does the rebel want? Unfortunately, the struggle involved in the appeal is now complicated by the San Francisco indictment of Alexander Berkman. The details of that our readers will find in another article.

The status of our own case is as follows. The appeal will be heard sometime in October, the decision rendered probably in December. Between now and October, a strenuous campaign of publicity must be carried on. That alone may affect the result. Nothing else will. We do not have the press at our disposal, and as most of the radical publications have been suppressed, it is more difficult than ever to reach the public at large. We can only hope to do so through MOTHER EARTH while it lasts, and by the widest possible circulation of our Speeches in the Federal Court during our trial. The book is now off the press. You can help by ordering copies for sale or distribution, as it will represent our only revenue to carry on the fight. Send your contributions and orders for literature payable to M. E. Fitzgerald, 226 Fafayette Street, New York.

Friends, I am not unmindful of the difficulties and dangers confronting us all. If the madness of war will continue, it is bound to bring in its wake greater brutalities and outrages than have already been committed by our patriots. The more reason to save the ship of liberty from the storm of violence, destruction and confusion. In the end, the things which you and I fight for now will be recognized as the only sane and vital things in the world upheaval. Whether we may or may not live to realize our dreams, they contain the most living and glorious reality. So if I ask you to make a special effort to continue your generous support of our fight, it is not because I wish to burden you, but because I know that the fight is worth while and must not relax.

* * *

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

TO MY FRIENDS

I HAVE been considerably "on the go" of late. My headquarters were removed, first to Atlanta, Ga., and now to the Tombs Prison, New York City. I manage to do some work in this place, but my present abode and the various engagements on hand are not very conducive to the work of an editor.

For these and other similar reasons, THE BLAST has been suspended, but only temporarily, I hope. So be patient, please, as I have to be; for I assure you that however dear THE BLAST is to you, friends, it is even dearer to me.

My associate editor, "Fitzie," is busy keeping a watch on the Tombs, but as soon as she and I are relieved from our present "very pressing" engagement, we will again publish that good little fighter, THE BLAST.

Meanwhile, my fraternal greetings to you all, friends and comrades. I know how beautifully you have responded to my call, and this thought has been a great, joyful inspiration to me.

To you all and to the organizations that have so promptly and generously demonstrated their friendship and solidarity, I send my heartfelt appreciation, and pledge my undying devotion to the great cause that is so dear to us all.

Tombs Prison. ALEXANDER BERKMAN

SPEAKING OF DEMOCRACY

By MARTHA GRUENING

FRANK BROWN, who lay terribly burned in the hospital at East St. Louis, told me he had never meant to jump from the second story of his blazing house. He did so only when the flames were all about him and he "just couldn't stand it" any longer. The instinct which overcame his prudence in this instance was not that of self-preservation. He was impelled to leap and brave the "frightfulness" of the white Americans simply by his overwhelming desire to escape the torture of the flames and very much against his better judgment. He was at a loss to understand how he had been saved, and he spoke of it reverently as the "will of God," but as I looked at him and recalled all I had seen and heard in East St. Louis,

I could only believe that the mob must have thought him too far gone to make it worth while to molest him further. One comes away from East St. Louis believing in this sort of cruelty—the supreme and deadly cruelty of the white race asserting its superiority.

This superiority has now been established in East St. Louis, once and for all time. That the "insolence" of the "nigger" who comes North made it necessary was of course "deplorable" (so I was sometimes told by white East St. Louis). But necessary it clearly was, for "too many 'niggers' were coming in here—there were thousands of them taking white men's jobs. They vote and ride in street cars next to white women. They pass remarks about white women. You see, once they get away from the South where they know how to treat them, they get insolent. They think they're as good as white people, and of course, that makes trouble." If this explanation does not seem adequate to you, you are woefully deficient in the race consciousness natural and becoming in a white person; while if you can contemplate "being shoved off the sidewalk by a buck 'nigger'" (I am quoting the exact words used to me by three white editors on as many separate occasions) without instant recourse to your hip pocket, you are disqualified at the outset from understanding a race riot. To the initiated it is at once clear that the wholesale slaughter of his people is the only answer to be made to the "buck" in question.

All of this is thoroughly understood by the A. F. of L. Its constitution decrees that members shall not be discriminated against because of "race, creed, or color," but its membership is largely composed of loyal nigger-hating Americans, who know that when black men in large numbers escape from the intolerable conditions of the South and attain an economic foothold in the North, something has to be done. Accordingly, on May 23, 1917, a call was sent out to the delegates to the Central Trades and Labor Union of East St. Louis, signed by its secretary, Edward F. Mason, to a meeting to take "drastic action" on the immigration of Negroes and to "devise a way to get rid of a certain portion of those already here." With characteristic

efficiency these members of the superior race accomplished their ends in little more than a month's time by slaughtering several hundred Negro men, women, and children, burning nearly two hundred and fifty Negro homes, and driving out the majority of the survivors.

The meeting to which these delegates were called took place on May 28. Its immediate result was a riot in which a number of Negroes and some white men were injured, and much Negro property destroyed and damaged. It was after this riot that Mayor Mollman, with the wisdom of his kind, decided that the way to preserve peace was to prevent the sale of firearms to Negroes. An ordinance to that effect was passed and, unlike most ordinances passed in East St. Louis, was rigidly enforced. At the three bridges between St. Louis and East St. Louis, detectives were stationed who stopped and searched all colored people and if they found weapons in their possession, disarmed them. No white man was stopped. Negro homes were also visited and searched for arms. The reason for this, as explained to me by the local District Attorney, Hubert Schaumleffel, and others, was the necessity of foiling a wicked Negro plot to massacre the white population on the Fourth of July. No need to waste any sympathy on the "niggers"—they got just what they deserved and what they would have done themselves had they gotten the chance. But the Negroes are an inferior race—when not "insolent" they are "just childen," and they can't even pull off a decent massacre. Twenty thousand strong, with arms being furnished to them by "German gold" and "agitators" of their own race, they still allowed themselves to be killed, maimed, and tortured by the justly aroused white population. As I have said, on the authority of white East St. Louis, the Negroes thought they were as good as white people—yet there is not one instance of their having during the riots burned a white woman or child, shot an unarmed fugitive, or kicked a wounded man to death. Most of them couldn't even kill an innocent man in cold blood, as is attested by the story of the white physician connected with one of the big industrial plants of East St. Louis. He and his wife

were driving along one of the main streets when they were stopped by a mob of "bad niggers" who still retained their arms, and who told him they would kill him. The white man was able to reason with them and presently was recognized as a "good white man" by one Negro whom he had treated, and who persuaded the others to let him go.

When the militia was sent in to restore order, further proof of white superiority was given—if indeed any was needed. The boys of the Illinois militia understood that order could not exist as long as both races did, and so they proceeded to help both actively and passively in wiping out the black race. This was a natural and correct assumption on their part, for most of them came from small towns in southern Illinois where "they don't tolerate niggers" and whose railroad stations bear the sign "Nigger, don't let the sun set on you." With the spread of our democratic ideals, we may hope shortly to see translations of this sign in the railroad stations of Paris and Petrograd. We may also hope, perhaps, to establish an actrocity record which even the Germans will envy when southern Illinois furnishes its quota of men to be sent to the trenches. German eye-witnesses will doubtless be able to tell many stories such as the following told me by a white woman, a member of the Volunteers of America:

"I saw a crowd of white women grab a colored woman's baby and fling it into a blazing house. The woman was then shot while these women held her, and they threw her body in, too. They (the other women) were screaming like wild, and tearing her clothes off her. I was thankful when she was shot. I saw them shooting into burning houses so that the people who were inside, who were wounded, couldn't get out and were roasted alive. Down by the Free Bridge I saw them behead a man with a butcher's knife. They threw his head over one side and his body over the other. They dragged trolley cars from the tracks and then they'd make the people inside stick up their hands to show if they were black or white. If they were black, they dragged them out and killed them—how? Oh, any way—with knives and bottles, and stones, and iron pokers and crowbars. There wasn't any kind of weapon they didn't have in that crowd. I saw some with steel rods they tore off the railroad tracks. 'Long

about five o'clock, a car of miners came in from Belleville. They had their dinner pails and pickaxes. They started into the crowd with their pickaxes hitting the niggers on the head with them. I saw them dropping all around and their blood and brains running out on the streets. I saw one of those miners afterwards with his pickaxe on his shoulder dripping blood all down his back. I saw the crowd close in on a woman. She was kneeling by the car track beside her little girl who had fainted—about twelve she looked like. When I saw her again she was down with a hole as big as your fist in her head. I saw them kick the wounded to death and heave rocks at them—big paving blocks. None of them would have lived to see the ambulances if the crowd could have helped it. I saw a dozen white men dragging an old nigger they wanted to hang by a rope about his neck. The first fire I saw was set by a young white girl. She came along Fourth Street, and the curtain blew out of the window of a nigger house. She just set fire to it and walked away. Nobody said anything to her. The next day I came along and there were some white women hacking away at what was left of a man's body. They said they wanted a souvenir. I said, "Here, how do you know that's what you want? He's burned so you can't tell whether he's black or white." And that stopped them.

Yes, I believe the Germans will have many such stories to tell before the war is over. Stories like that of Frank Brown who thought the flames more merciful than the white man; like that of Lulu Cole, who was shot three times by the mob which broke into her house, whose twelve-year-old son was shot dead before her eyes and whose husband "must be dead, I guess. He's never turned up since he went to work that Monday morning"; like that of Minnie Grey who was shot on her way to work on the morning after the riot by a soldier and a policeman. "They must have been done it," she told me; "they were the only ones on the street, and it happened right after I passed them." Stories like those of the seven Negroes who, as two militiamen told me humorously, were thrown into Cahokia Creek and "rocked every time they came up till they were all drowned"; like those of the Negro fugitives who, stripped of their weapons, ran to the soldiers for protection only to be bayoneted back into the hands

of the mob; like that of the Negro woman who ran upon the porch of a white woman's house with a mob in pursuit to find the door slammed and held against her; like that of the wounded old Negro woman who escaped with her life by hiding all night in a sewer pipe; and like those of the hundreds of refugees more tragic than those of Belgium who are still seeking for missing husbands, wives and brothers, whose entire families have been wiped out or scattered, and whose homes were looted and laid waste.

East St. Louis is an example of that democracy we are to spread over the world—the democracy of caste and race oppression, of unspeakable cruelty and intolerance, of hideous injustices. It is the democracy of President Wilson and Mr. Gompers. The former has carefully refrained from making any public statement disapproving the massacre, while the latter is its open and shameless apologist. I have seen this democracy at close range, and I know what it means. That is why I want the world made unsafe for it.

IN MEMORIAM—MIGUEL ALMEREYDA

By Stella Comyn

MIGUEL ALMEREYDA died a few days ago in the infirmary of a French prison where he was serving a sentence for "sedition." Reports in the daily press conflict, some stating that he died of hemmorrhage; others that he committed suicide—a dark tragedy in any case. His death is a great loss to the international revolutionary movement, for there are few enough in this world these days, and fewer in France than anywhere else. To have kept true to the bigger vision of international revolutionary solidarity in the face of such hatred, calumny and contempt as he must have experienced, bespeaks a heroic soul and a steadfast mind.

Almereyda was born in Spain about forty years ago and came to Paris as a youth. He immediately became identified with the radical movement and joined the staff of *La Guerre Sociale*, the strongest and most militant organ of anti-militarism in Europe, of which Gustave Hervé, now an intense patriot, was the editor.

The outspoken spirit of the paper soon involved Hervé and he was arrested and condemned to two years' imprisonment. Almereyda took charge of the paper, and together with Hervé's articles from prison continued to fight the war-manufacturers. Almereyda soon followed his colleague.

Yet such is the irony of our times that the one who kept his soul intact with the enduring vision of human brotherhood dies mysteriously in prison as a "traitor." And the other sits among the powers that be making our world safe for the powers of darkness.

THE TOTEM

THE train was speeding on its way. Through the open window I watched the rising sun. The smell of fresh earth was in my nostrils, and the long stretches of grass blinked at me with their little eyes of crystal dew. In the distance endless rows of corn stood, as on guard, their tall stalks leaning to catch the whisper of the gentle breeze. Groups of track laborers seemed to rise from the ground as the train clattered by, and a young farmer on a one-horse plow waived his arm to us as he stopped at the end of the furrow.

"Git up now, Sally," we heard his voice, as immediately he was lost to sight.

"Doing his bit, as you will be soon," the big man at my elbow remarked. His companion roared at the witticism. I looked at them silently. There was a pause, and then the man who spoke first said in an indifferent tone, "Well, you know, *we* have nothing against you. We're just doing our duty."

My mind went back to the court-room. I could see the twelve men in the jury box, their faces heavy, expressionless, uninterested. The prosecutor was standing in front of them. "You must do your duty," he was saying to the jurymen. "Nothing but your duty, as citizens of these United States."

With a long shrill whistle and a sudden jerk the train came to a stop. The station platform was de-

serted save for a farmer, with high boots and whip in hand, leaning sleepily against the coping of a window, and several boys sprawling on a lumber pile near by.

Citizens of these United States, I mused. Their duty—the jury's duty—.

With rasping voice the Judge was addressing the jury. "Gentlemen," he was saying, "it is your duty—."

"Well, here we are," the big Deputy Marshal exclaimed, rising and stretching his big bulk in the passageway. "An' take my advice," he turned to me, "if you behave yourself and do your duty, you'll be all right in the pen."

The cab moved leisurely through the black ghetto of Atlanta, Ga. The neglected, dusty streets were lined with dilapidated shacks that bore no semblance to a human habitation. Weather-eaten boards, cracked and broken, took the place of glass panes in the windows. Here and there holes in the walls were stuffed with filthy rags and nondescript refuse. Negro men and women stood or walked about, their bearing dejected, the mark of the slave on their faces. Little piccaninnies, boys and girls of saffron hue and ebony black, were playing in the middle of the uncobbled street. Bareheaded and barefoot, their scanty rags barely covering their thighs, they resembled a motley group of little monkeys, their ribs plainly visible with every movement of their emaciated chocolate bodies. But they did not chatter and shout as children at play are wont to do. They were huddled together, pitifully subdued, on their little faces the startled look of the hunted animal. Fearfully, silently they scampered for the small change I threw at them, and I saw that the moment one of them picked up a coin he frantically rushed off, without looking for more, as if fearful of waking from his happy dream.

We reached the outskirts of the city and stopped at the stone gate. High above me the masonry bore the legend, United States Penitentiary. The gate was open wide, as if symbolic of free admission, not to say

welcome. Inside, in the spacious yard, we halted at the first tower.

"United States Marshals from the Southern District of New York," one of my guards called out to the sentinel on the tower platform who was facing us in silence, Winchester in hand.

"Proceed!"

Crossing the yard, we reached the iron gate of the prison house, where our further progress was considerably delayed. It was an unearthly hour, even at the penitentiary. It is not customary to bring new "boarders" before the regular "reception" hour.

A big, lumbering, loose-jointed fellow, a veritable giant, evidently a Kentucky mountaineer, for all his military uniform, came to the gate.

"You'se rather previous this mornin', I reckon," he drawled.

"Yes, we left New York somewhat in a hurry," one of the Marshals replied.

Several gates opened and clanked behind me. I was passed through the hands of a number of big, rough-looking men, variously uniformed and all carrying clubs and sticks. "What's ye got thar?" "A slacker, eh?!" "Bring 'em 'long. Plenty room for 'em."

At last we reached the "officer in charge." He looked me up and down with a cold steel eye. "Berkman," he said, "you are in the United States penitentiary, and you will do your duty here."

As I was led to a cell, a tall guard with bushy eyebrows and pock-marked face halted me. "Are you Berkman?" he demanded in a peremptory tone.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, you should have been here twenty years ago."

The bars rattled; with a sharp click of the lock the iron door slammed against me, and I was in the cell, doing my bit.

O, sacred duty! I thought, as my eyes followed the big fat bedbug crawling towards me on the wall.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN

Tombs Prison, New York, Aug. 25, 1917.

KAISERISM IN THE COPPER INDUSTRY

By Jack Carney

AT THIS writing there are over fifteen thousand miners out on strike in Butte, Mont. The men have laid down their tools in protest against the inhuman conditions obtaining in the mining camps, as well as because of the constantly rising cost of living.

Discontent has been smouldering among the copper workers for a long time. The disaster at the Speculator mine, last June, where two hundred miners were burnt to death, capped the climax, and the great strike was on.

The copper barons are decrying the action of the workers in going out on a strike at a time when the United States Government is badly in need of copper on account of the war. They charge that the strike is a crime against the Federal Government. But the profiteer patriots ignore the fact that they themselves have broken every law of the Government prescribing safety appliances in the mines. The catastrophe in the Speculator mine, that cost two hundred lives, was the direct result of the greed of the mine owners who refused to install safety devices. The dividends of the shareholders are considered of more importance than the lives of the miners. Yet the men are expected to stand idly by, and allow this outrage to be perpetrated upon them. The press has maintained a conspiracy of silence about the Speculator disaster because they knew the mine owners were guilty of criminal negligence. It is considered a vile atrocity when men, women and children are drowned at sea by the action of a U-boat; but no one thinks of the terrible disaster wherein men are slowly roasted to death. Imagine, if you can, the terrible experience of being trapped in a mine, watching the flames slowly surrounding you and knowing that you are to be burned alive. This was the experience of over two hundred men in the Speculator mine in Butte. This is only one of the crimes committed against the miners.

Copper has increased from 12 to 30 cents per pound. Billions of dollars have flowed into the coffers of the mine owners of Butte. The miners have worked night and day to fill the contracts of the Allied Governments. The men have seen the cost of living going up higher and higher; they saw profits of the bosses going up also.

They have demanded a share in the profits. If the men have to risk fire and the other dangers of the mines, surely the first consideration of the mine owners should be the welfare of the men. But no; the shareholders' dividends was the first and last consideration. Human lives are cheap.

In England they used to fasten an iron collar around the slaves so as to identify them, but here in Butte they give them a card; it is less cumbersome. This card is known as the rustling card; on it is written the pedigree of the miner. All his actions and records for the last five years are contained thereon, and woe to the miner who has rebelled against rotten mine conditions. He is blacklisted and cannot get a job in Butte. And thus another hobo is created.

The striking copper workers of Butte are fighting a courageous fight against gunmen and thugs. One of the men has been lynched. They have thirty thousand women and children to support. What are you going to do to keep the children of the strikers fed? They are young and we must not let their starving cries drive the men back to work. Send all the support you can to Tom Shannon, 318 North Wyoming Street, Butte, Mont., and help to make Butte SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY.

CORRESPONDENCE

Ann Arbor, Mich., June 14, 1917.

TO the Editor:

Will you kindly give notice to the effect that Max Frocht, a student in the University of Michigan, and Ellwood B. Moore, a student in the Ann Arbor High School, were both arrested on Monday, June 11th, for refusal to register as provided for by the draft law.

Max Frocht came to this "free country" of ours from Russia five years ago. He is a junior student in the University of Michigan in the Literary-Law course. He has not yet taken out his first citizen papers and so would not be subject to the draft under the present conscription law. But as a class conscious Socialist he decided to take his stand now against militarism and to demonstrate his solidarity with the working class of the world. He is a student of high standing and is admired not only by his local comrades but even by the reactionaries in his sur-

roundings. At a recent mass-meeting held here to introduce compulsory military training into the university he was the only one out of a crowd of five thousand students who had the courage and the conviction to argue against one of the leading Deans in opposition to the training. When he was arrested Monday he was offered another chance by the local authorities to register but absolutely refused.

Ellwood B. Moore, who could have claimed exemption from the draft on the ground that he is the son of Quaker parents, also refused to make any compromises whatsoever with the local authorities. "If the master class want blood, let them cut their own throats," was the keynote of his opposition. When the local authorities were trying to convince him that he was making a great mistake by not registering since he would be exempt on religious grounds, he said, "I refuse to register, not on the ground that I am afraid to go to war, but because the working class the world over has nothing to gain by fighting the battles of the master class. There is one fight and only one in which the workers should participate, and that is the fight against the master class, i. e., the Social Revolution." And in that fight he has been engaged for the last eight years. He is a member of the Industrial Workers of the World and also of the Socialist Party.

Moore dropped out of school when eighteen and went to work on a farm in Pennsylvania, then he went west and worked in the lumber camps of Montana and Idaho, and in the harvest fields of Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas.

After tramping around the country for several years he finally decided to go back to school. He entered the Ann Arbor High School and on the 15th of this month he was to receive his diploma as a student "with honor." He is well known here and is admired by all his acquaintances because of his frankness, sincerity, and absolute love of the truth.

There are quite a few other rebellious students here who refused to register and whose arrest is expected at any moment. They are willing to pay, they say, not only with imprisonment, but even with their lives if that be necessary to uphold democracy here in America and help preserve what few liberties the people now possess.

ANARCHY ON TRIAL

Speeches of

Alexander Berkman

and

Emma Goldman

Before the Federal Jury in the City of New York, July, 1917

With Portraits

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